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POETRY.

The following stanzas are selected from a volume entitled "The Legend of the Rocks and other Poems," by JAMES MACK, who was educated at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in New-York city.

FROM THE MINSTREL BOY.

Earth! thou art lovely—loveliest in this—
By woman—angel woman! thou art trod;—
Woman, the centre of our ev'ry bliss;
To man the dearest boon received from God;
Whom, if creation were condemn'd to miss,
Chaos again his desolating rod
O'er the dominion he has lost, would sway,
And earth, with all her charms, become his prey.
Earth! thou art fair and glorious, but all
Thy beauty and thy glory are a shade,
That low beneath the hand of time must fall:—
And Woman! must thou too in dust be laid?
Ah no! the beauteous fetters that enthrall
Thy spirit, only are decreed to fade;
The spirit on a seraph's glowing wing,
From earth shall to its native heaven spring.
Thine earthly shrine is but thy prison—still
Such loveliness is flung around thee here,
That as it beams before mine eyes, they fill
At times unbidden, with the tremulous fear,
And through my bosom shoots a painful thrill
To think that aught so beautiful—so dear—
Should to the hand of death resign its bloom.
A trophy to enwreath around the tomb!

LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S NOTE BOOK. NUMBER 5.

"Man your capstan bars," cried the first lieutenant, and the anchor was soon at the bows and catted, the topsails and topgallants hoisted and sheeted home; courses dropped, and the good ship ***** standing out of the harbor of Valparaiso. It was dark, the city glittered in the distance like an amphitheatre of light. As we passed the Flag ship her hand struck up "Hail Columbia and Home Sweet Home," tunes to which there was not a heart on board which did not fully respond. "Starboard fire—larboard fire," thirteen guns were given. The frigate replied to the parting salute—three cheers arose from the crews of both ships, and we were out of hearing. Angel point and the light house were soon under our lee, and the long lazy swell over which the light air scarcely gave us steerage way, told that we were at sea.

For one week we had been scudding before a strong gale. To ease the ship eight of her guns had been sent below, the topgallant masts housed, and their yards on deck. The noble bark bore herself right steadily and straightly onward, triumphing over the storm which raged about her, throwing its sleet and snow and hail upon her decks.—Hammocks were kept below, hatches closed and the watches wet and weary nightly retired to their damp beds. Often as the storm was screaming loudest, and the waves roaring and thundering against the closed ports, as if demanding admittance, and baffled, leaping onward with additional momentum for a fresh assault, casting their cold spray to the very tops—have I listened to the merry music of the fife and fiddle, as their notes at intervals reached me in the recesses of my state room. The watch having reefed the topsails were walking away with the halliards, and no matter how wild the weather, so that they can be heard, the musicians strike up their music, and the heavy but quick tramp of the crew respond. As in the field of battle, it stirs the sluggish blood and nerves afresh the palsied muscles, and the men work with a will. No other human noise is heard save that of the word of command as given by the stentorian lungs of the first lieutenant, and the shrill response of the boatswains calls. Of a dark and dubious night, when the gusts are expending their fury with a hurricane's force, and the turmoil of the waters is frightful to behold, and surge and cloud and snow and rain all combine to render the scene more dismal, and all is wet, cold and cheerless beneath

decks, and the idler has retired to his birth as to an ark of refuge, and when instinctively listening to every roller he half shudders with apprehension for the fate of those struggling with the maddened foe, or congratulates himself on his easy situation, then indeed does the notes of fife and fiddle sound strangely to the ear. At first as they swell loudly and bravely the heart leaps to the sound, but quickly they die away, as gust upon gust each fiercer than the last, bear down upon the ship and shriek and howl through the strained cordage. Anon their notes burst forth again, and storm and music mingle in startling dissonance, as if—

"Men fought on earth
And fiends in upper air."

But habit soon deadens the senses; and their sounds fall upon listless ears, and sentiment gives way to the more practical wish of better weather. However such was not our fate as we approached Cape Horn. The gale steadily increased, and it was mid-winter, when day lends but a few hours light. The ship was going through the water at a fearful rate. The Diego Ramirez Islands by our reckoning lay directly ahead of us and we expected to make them early in the morning. The ship's course was altered to enable her to pass them to the southward. Anxiety prevailed on board however, for a slight error in our calculations, a current, or any one of the accidental contingencies to which all ships are liable, might throw us upon their rocky sides, and we were going with a rapidity which would have demolished in a second the stoutest work of man. Men were kept in the tops and on the yard arms straining their vision for land or ice. But nothing could be seen. One of the lieutenants who was asleep below, suddenly awoke and said that he had dreamed we were running directly upon the islands. So strong was his impression, that he could not rest until that had been carried to the officer of the deck, and additional precautions (if such then could be) taken. It was near morning—which soon broke and there were the Islands right under our bow and we rushing for them at the rate of ten knots. An hour's more dark and there is but small possibility that either the ***** or her crew would have been heard of again. The same day we passed in sight of Cape Horn, and on the second day after, were to the eastward and northward of the Falklands, having run that distance under a close reefed main-top-sail and in as heavy a sea as Cape Horn can ever boast.

Twenty-nine days and the light house of Rio Janeiro is in sight—a quick passage and who can gainsay it. How rich is the coast of Brazil! The luxuriance of vegetation here holds its empire. It has not the grandure and roughness of the rent cliffs and volcanic outlines of Peru with the towering snow-clad Andes gleaming in cold splendor in the sunlight, with here and there patches of green to vary the scene—but all is verdure. Far off, mountains rise to a high elevation. On the sea-shore the hills are numerous and beautiful. The bay opens with islands at its mouth and steep hills on either side, the boldest and most noted of which is the bald peak of Corcovado, and the range which from its shape has obtained the sobriquet of Lord Hood's nose. Upwards of one hundred islands stud the wide expanse of the noble bay which is eighty miles in circumference. Strongly fortified castles and batteries protect it from an invading fleet. Numerous villas line its shores, and steamboats and crafts of all nations are plying about its channels. In approaching the city the numerous men of war first make their appearance. They lie about a mile from the

shore and immediately in front of the imperial palace. The merchantmen anchor one mile farther up the bay, under shelter of an Island covered with buildings and in the vicinity of the arsenal and naval forces of the empire. Among them are some huge old fashioned hulks, and some fine vessels built in the United States. Among the foreign men of war, the slave hulks or store ships for rescued Africans hold a conspicuous situation. Around them were the fleet of English gun-brigs and schooners engaged in the suppression of the slave trade. As we sailed up the harbor, the John Adams signalled us, and we soon came to anchor amid a fleet of English, Sardinian and other war ships. Sir George Sartorius was here in the Malabar 74. The Admiral of the Cape of Good Hope station was also present in the beautiful frigate Winchester. His family was with him, as was also that of the Captain. Salutes and calls were soon exchanged, and we devoted the remainder of our time to honising on shore.

Yours, WANDERING TIM.

Literary Notice.

Synopsis of the Cruise of the United States Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838, '39, '40, '41, and '42; delivered before the National Institute, by its commander, Charles Wilkes, Esq., on the twentieth of June, 1842: to which is added a List of Officers and Scientific Corps attached to the Expedition. Washington: Printed by Peter Force. 1842.

The above pamphlet furnishes an outline of the labors of the exploring expedition.—Commodore Wilkes prefaces it with a reply to the charge so frequently brought against him, that of having intrigued to obtain the command of the squadron. Mr. Poinsett by the following note places that transaction in its true light.—

"Sir,—I have received your letter of the 14th instant, and in compliance with your request take pleasure in stating, that no interest was made, either by yourself or friends, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of procuring you the command of the Exploring Squadron. It was conferred upon you by the President, on my recommendation, given without any solicitation whatever, and before you, or any person connected with you, could have been aware of my intention to propose you for this service.

I am, sir, your obd't servant,
(Signed) J. R. POINSETT.
MR. CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N."

He then gives a summary of his plan and design pointed out in his instructions.

Owing to the controversy which sprung up relative to the merits of the discovery of the Antarctic Continent between the American and French discovery ships, and the statements afterwards put forth by Captain Ross, that he had sailed over a considerable proportion of ocean where Com. Wilkes had reported land, the latter dwells at large upon this portion of the cruise, and triumphantly vindicates himself from both charges.—The land was seen by them three days prior to the Frenchmen's discovery.

The Synopsis merely glances at those places visited by the squadron, briefly enumerating the labor of the several vessels—of their stay at these islands. Com. Wilkes writes as follows:—

"The port of Honolulu, in the Island of Oahu, (Sandwich Island,) was reached the beginning of October. Here we were received with the utmost kindness by our countrymen and the authorities. The Governor placed at my disposal one of the houses belonging to the king, and the adjoining premises, which I found admirably adapted to my purposes. After a few days relaxation the usual duties were resumed, and a full series of pendulum observations, besides those for astronomy, magnetism and meteorology were

observed. A part of the officers were employed in bringing up the work of our charts, and others were engaged in making the surveys of the islands, and the scientific corps in explorations in botany, zoology, geology, &c. A party was sent in the Flying Fish to the other Islands. Several harbors were surveyed at the desire of the king. It is not possible to give an idea of the extent of these explorations in this synopsis.

After an intimate intercourse, not only with the missionaries, but the Government and people, it gave me great pleasure to be informed on our last short visit, that no circumstance had occurred, either among the officers or men, to mar the pleasing recollection of our intercourse with them."

A chart showing the several tracks of the vessels during the whole cruise accompanies the pamphlet. The latter appears to have been prepared in much haste, and very little attention paid to perspicuity in writing, or method in arrangement of topics. Numerous proper names are misspelt. But as Com. Wilkes is now engaged in preparing the Narrative of this Cruise in full, it is unnecessary to allude further to the errors in the pamphlet before us. He has also charge of the charts and the philosophical observations. Wilkes as a scientific officer has acquired a good reputation, but as a writer, if a judgment is to be formed from the pamphlet before us, and his published despatches to the Navy Department, we greatly fear he will gain no new laurels. The Narrative of this cruise from its variety and extent cannot fail of being interesting by whomsoever prepared, but it is much to be regretted that it had not fallen to the lot of some one of the Expedition whose literary talents had already been tested, and who to the charms of adventure, would have added that of a pure, easy and flowing style. The narrative will occupy several quarto volumes, richly illustrated with steel plates and woodcuts executed in the first style of American artists.—The different scientific branches will each have several volumes devoted to them, in which all that is new in science will be described, and engravings of the objects given. The whole including the charts will embrace about twenty volumes; the expense of the publication of which will be not far from \$200,000. A portion of the work will be ready for publication this year. H. Hale, Esq. has finished his department of Philology—Messrs. Peale, Rich and Dana are busily employed in theirs. Dr. Pickering is appointed Curator of the National Institute and has the general charge of the scientific portion of the work. In Oct. of last year he sailed for Egypt, for the purpose of further prosecuting and verifying his researches in ethnography, in what he considers the cradle of the human race, Ethiopia. His jaunt cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. As an indefatigable and close observer he is not excelled in the United States.

Two editions of the Narrative will be printed—one expensive, in the best style of typography including the finest illustrations after the plan of the voyage of the *Astrolabe*; this will be for distribution under favor of Government. The other, in a cheaper and more popular form, to come within the ordinary means of purchasers. But several years must elapse before the whole is completed. It is to be published under the superintendence of the library committee of Congress of which Judge Tappan, Senator from Ohio is, Chairman.

We would gladly give further extracts from the pamphlet in question, but we have received another and much more perfect summary, prepared for Silliman's Journal of Natural Sciences, by J. D. Dana, Esq., the Mineralogist of the Expedition. This we shall shortly notice and extract largely from.